

# The Athenian Mercury:

Tuesday, November 8. 1692 Licens'd, E. B.

Quest. 1. **S**ay Sons of Athens! are the Muses flown  
From your forsaken Fields to Climes un-  
known!

Will no propitious God your Breasts inspire,  
Or blow the hidden spark of heavenly Fire,  
Or have you crackt your strings, or broke your Lyre?  
That William's Self, a Name which us'd to Charm,  
So long wants force your frozen Breath to warm;  
Tho' him we see whom absent late we mourn'd,  
With Safety and with Triumphs too return'd:  
Tho' the glad Nation him prepare to meet,  
And cast their Hearts and Purse at his Feet:  
On this great Theme, if nothing Athens writes,  
The World will say

You're in good earnest now turn'd Jacobites?

Ans. What Bird whose Wings are clipt, will care to  
To be too Loyal is a dangerous thing; (sing,  
For if the French don't Banter, they'll be here  
Early i'th' Spring, just as they were last Year.  
Athens and London then once more must fall,  
And in their rooms you'll have — The Devil and all.  
Howe're, to make all sure, like other men,  
We'll very Loyal be, at least till then.  
Great William's Name in our hoarse Notes we'll sing,  
And may each ill-lookt Traitor mounted, swing,  
That will not with us cry, — God save the King. (a)

Hail! much-lov'd Prince, thy Peoples Joy and Pride,  
And the desire of all the World beside:  
Tho' in the Crowd unmark'd, unknown we be,  
Thus let us speak our grateful Loyaltie,  
Not out of Love of Praise, but Love of Thee!  
Great Son of Jove! of the true Heroes Grain,  
All doom'd to suffer first, and then to Reign!  
Alike for Danger and for Empire born,  
Didst one as soon deserve, as t'other scorn:  
When will thy never-ceasing toils be o're?  
VVhen thou to us thy Self and Peace restore,  
And with thy Absence fright thy Realms no more?  
VVhen thou in Foreign Lands, how great's our Care,  
How fervent every Age and Sexes Pray'r,  
As they'd a Husband or a Father there?  
How gladly wou'd they in thy Army be,  
All wou'd be Souldiers much-lov'd Prince, for thee.  
How glad to engage in thine, and Europe's right,  
And go like English, not to Encamp, but Fight;  
VVhile others to much time in raising take,  
Like jangling Bells they'll ne're good musick make.

That now we have thee safe, those Shouts declare,  
And those thick Fires, that light and rend the Air?  
Not all the Honours late thou didst bestow,  
VVhich pure from thee true Honours Fountain flow:  
Were thought so great, as at their grateful Feast  
Thy condescending to become their Guest.  
The City might have spar'd their plenteous store,  
All Feast themselves on thee, and ask no more:  
On thee, and what's the same, that God-like Fare  
Deserves so well thine and our Hearts to share.  
May that august Assembly now, no less  
Their warmth in Zeal and timely Aids express:  
While to a King so wise, so brave, so good  
We pay our Tax of Money, Pray'rs and Blood.

(a) Let 'em ene take this small acknowledgment among  
'em, in part of Payment for so many thousands of  
venomous Pamphlets lately sow'd about the City, as  
full of notorious fulsom Lyes, as one of their own  
Lewis's Declarations.

Quest. 2. From a Lady.

What think you of the Judgment that's to come,  
The great surprising startling Day of Doom?

When all at the Tribunal must appear,  
Some rais'd with Joy, whilst more oppress'd by Fear,  
Expect the Sentence a just God will give,  
From which there's no Appeal, nor no Reprieve:  
Think you this in a moment will be past,  
If not, declare how long you think 'twill last?

Ans.

One Day, as it from Sacred Writ appears  
With God's the same as is a thousand Tears.  
Nor were it Hereſie, if we shou'd say,  
The thousand years may make the Judgment Day.  
Clearly the Scripture neither does declare,  
But it far more concerns us to prepare,  
With Joy to render our great Audit there.

Quest. 3.

When the great Fabrick of this lower World  
Shall all into Confusion turn,  
And at the Nod  
Of our Great God  
The Elements themselves shall burn,  
And Nature's into its former Chaos hurl'd,  
VVhen the blest'd Angels shall in consort joyn,  
And sound the Judgment-Day in Notes Divine.  
At that Great Day what will become of those  
VVho never tasted bitter Death,  
But live to see  
This Prodigie?  
VVhether shall they resign their Breath,  
Or be translated as Elijah was?  
Upon recourse to Holy Writ, I find  
A perfect Equilibrium in my Mind:  
Say what most likely then appears to you,  
Oblige your Querist and the Publick too?

Ans.

Agon let's see what Holy Scripture saith,  
The only firm Foundation of our Faith,  
That all shall then be chang'd, we thence discern,  
Tho' all not sleep; and thence we learn  
All shan't resign their Breath,  
Sleep there, more than the Image is of Death:  
For thus th' inspir'd Apostle did his Judgment give  
In words that shall the World it self outlive.  
"A mighty Secret's now Reveal'd,  
"Which was from Ages past by the Allwise conceal'd:  
"All must not sleep, all must not dye,  
"Nor in the Grave dissolving lye,  
Yet all be chang'd from what we see them now,  
VVho works the Change alone knows when or how.  
But this from his blest'd VVord is known,  
It in a moment shall be done,  
As swift as Light from East to VVest can fly,  
Swift as the secret Glance, or twinkling of the Eye.  
Hark the dreadful Trumpet sounds,  
Hark all Earth and Heaven rebounds:  
Some to Joy, and some to pain,  
See the Dead arise again!  
Each Dust by the Great Chymists Art refin'd,  
Shall then to its Brother Dust be closer joyn'd:  
Nothing its parts shall penetrate,  
Nothing corrupt or separate,  
How great a Change from this frail State?  
O happy they who rais'd from mortal woe,  
Their short Probation order so,  
As then to change for Joy, and not for VVoe!

Quest



Quest. 4.

Five several times I have made my address  
To Delphos Altar, but without success;  
Surely the Gods are deaf, or partial prove  
To all, except the Votaries they love:  
Pray tell me Oracles of Athens how  
I may appease their Deities, and know  
What Incense will prevail, that I may gain  
Their Favour, and not ofner sue in vain?

Ans.

For shame so long to loiter at our Door!  
Here, take our Alms, and trouble us no more;  
The way to please, and for this Gift requite,  
Is, not to write at all, or better write.

Quest. 5.

Since all things to their proper Center tend,  
And fixing there, a quiet rest enjoy;  
How is't that Man is prone his Course to bend  
To restless Objects that his Peace destroy?

2.

God to no other End did Man create,  
But that he might adore his Majesty:  
Why did he not at first then form his State,  
That he from his Creator could not fly?

Ans.

God is Man's Center, he to him is born,  
Yet all his Motions rational and free;  
When from that Center he by Vice is torn,  
How can he but a restless Wanderer be?

2.

If Liberty our Maker had deny'd,  
Man then not Man, but something else had been;  
Our Love and Gratitude he had not try'd,  
Nor cou'd reward for Virtue, plague for Sin.

Quest. 6. Gentlemen, It hath been my Unhappiness from my Infancy to be subject to such an extream Bashfulness as makes me almost unfit to live, or converse in the World: I have not words to express my imperfection to that degree, or since as I feel the effects in my self, when I am in Company such a certain Fearfulness possesseth me, that upon the least Word or Look, nay, sometimes a very Thought, raiseth such an Emotion in me, as presently maketh me change Colour and Blush, which throws me into such a Confusion, and makes me so ridiculous, as renders me unfit for converse, and generally to conceive so mean an Opinion of my Abilities, that it is a great hindrance and discouragement to my endeavours for forwarding my self in Business, so that many times it hath almost drove me into Despair; although I have endeavoured as much as possible in my self, to remove this Infirmary, and therefore Travelled some Tears abroad, in hopes that with converse in Foreign Countreys I might at least in some measure have diminished the force of it, but all my Endeavours have proved to little or no purpose; and being now come to a middle age, I almost despair of finding any Remedy, yet am hopeful that Persons of your Ingenuity and Learning may not only assign the Cause, but likewise prescribe some Rules for a Remedy, or at least whereby I may rest satisfied with my Condition? which is desired by, &c.

Ans. The Querist is a Phoenix, he would have us believe; but let his search be as it will, if he please to Tribe with the Common Beggars, and turn any sort of them for Tryal, he no doubt will find himself furnished in one Years time or less, with what Degree of Confidence he wants, beyond all his Travels.

Quest. 7. The Design of this Paper is to inform you of an Accident that lately happened, viz. An old Woman in ——— fell sick on Wednesday, dyed (as was supposed by her Neighbours) on Thursday, was buried on Friday, but the Old Woman not liking her Lodgings, made such disturbance among her Neighbours, (I mean not the dead) that some of them could not sleep, but coming to her Grave, digg'd her up, and since then I am very credibly inform'd that she is able to walk up and down the Town: Now the Question is, If the old Woman had been married, and her Husband had married another whilst she lay dead, (or rather dissembling) whether it had been Felony?

Ans. No doubt some Men are so lustily Promised

before hand, that if a Wife were proposed to them a minute after their Wives death, the Proposal came too late: Had he married after Burial, no Felony; but to marry while she was only supposed dead, is not to be supposed, because many recover from seeming Death, tho' in their Coffins, going to the Grave.

Quest. 9. In the 8th. Chap. of the 2d. Book of Samuel, we read of Hadadezer, the King of Zoba's Son, whom King David smote: Now the Party desires to know in what part of the World, and in whose Possession the aforesaid place of Zoba is at this day?

Ans. Conquests have extinguished the Names of principal Places, and Forreign or barbarous Dialects corrupted Names of Places, that it is hard to know after so many Ages the Territories of every petty Prince: However, the Text guides us to Euphrates, as the Boundary of his Countrey that way, and that he was a Neighbouring King to the Philistines, Amalekites, &c. and therefore between Syria and Arabia the Desert, and the City Saba, which may be in the hands of the Turks or Arabians now.

\* \* The Athenian Society will soon give an Answer to Mr. Chauncy's admired Rallery.

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